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Faculty Recital: After Dinner Mint: Stolen Treasures and Hidden Gems

Ithaca College School of Music Faculty

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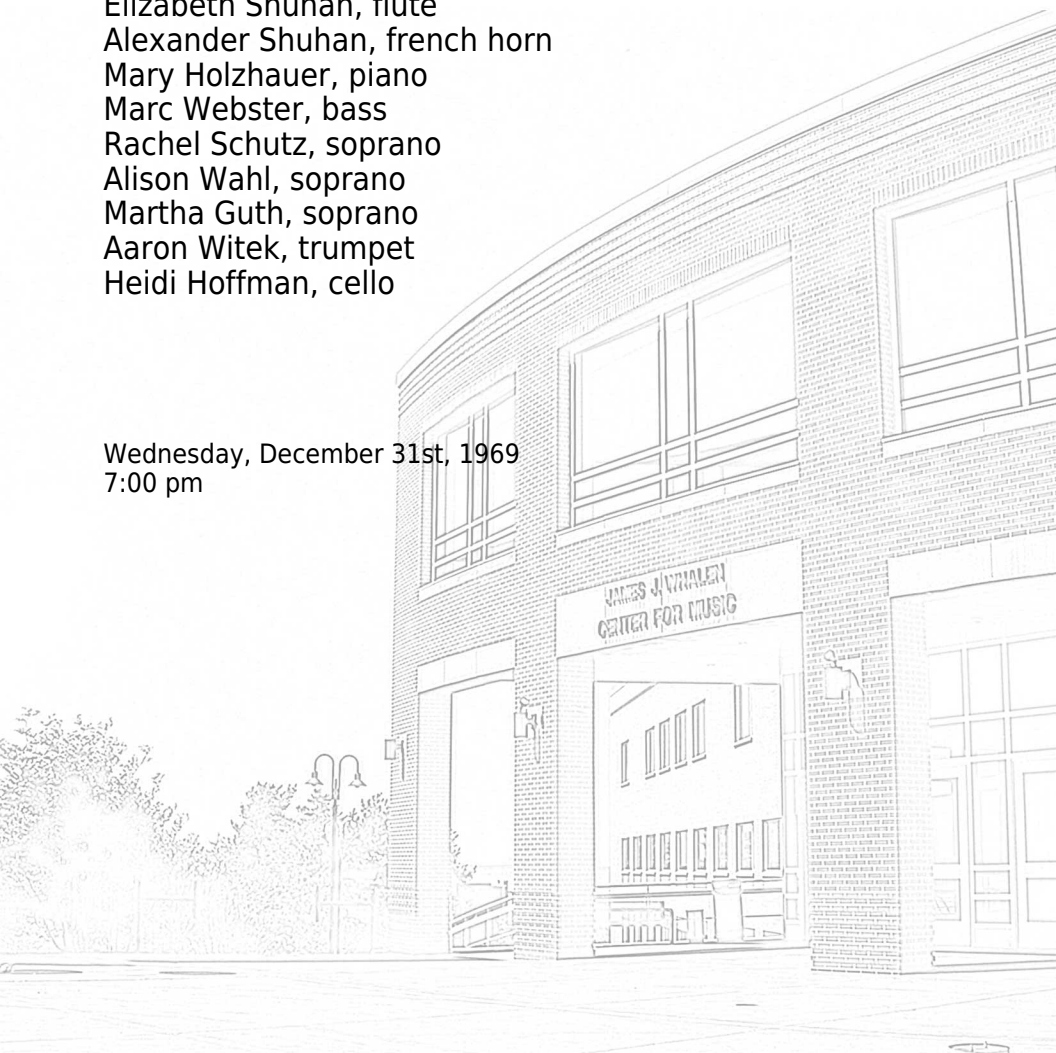
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After Dinner Mint: Faculty Showcase

Stolen Treasures and Hidden Gems: Vocal Transcriptions and Instrumentally-Inspired Songs

Laura Amoriello, piano
Deborah Martin, piano
Elizabeth Shuhan, flute
Alexander Shuhan, french horn
Mary Holzhauer, piano
Marc Webster, bass
Rachel Schutz, soprano
Alison Wahl, soprano
Martha Guth, soprano
Aaron Witek, trumpet
Heidi Hoffman, cello

Wednesday, December 31st, 1969
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Fantasy on "The Last Rose of Summer"

Greg Anderson
(b. 1981)

Laura Amoriello, piano
Deborah Martin, piano

Phänomen
Weg der Liebe
Am Strande

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Elizabeth Shuhan, flute
Alexander Shuhan, french horn
Mary Holzhauer, piano

Mazurka

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Marc Webster, bass

Coquette

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Rachel Schutz, soprano

La beauté

Rachel Schutz, soprano
Alison Wahl, soprano
Mary Holzhauer, piano

Die Schöne Müllerin, D. 795
Trockne Blumen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Martha Guth, soprano

Introduction and Variations on "Trockne Blumen," D. 802

Elizabeth Shuhan, flute
Mary Holzhauer, piano

Oh, never sing to me again, op. 4 no.
5

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

edited by Thomas Hooten

Aaron Witek, trumpet
Mary Holzhauer, piano

Stairway to Heaven

Jimmy Page and Robert Plant
arranged by Mary Holzhauer

Elizabeth Shuhan, flute
Aaron Witek, trumpet
Alexander Shuhan, horn
Heidi Hoffman, cello
Mary Holzhauer, piano

The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of
summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou
lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are
sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter,
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the
garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining
circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie
withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore
(1779–1852)

Phänomen

Wenn zu der Regenwand
Phöbus sich gattet,
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand
Farbig beschattet.

Im Nebel gleichen
Kreis Seh ich gezogen;
Zwar ist der Bogen weiß,
Doch Himmelsbogen.

So sollst du, muntre Greis,
Dich nicht betrüben:
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,
Doch wirst du lieben.

When Phoebus weds himself
to the wall of rain,
an arch is outlined,
shaded with color.

In the mist I see a similar
circle;
while the arc is white—
a rainbow all the same.

So should you, cheerful old
one;
not be downcast,
although your hair is white,
yet will you love.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

(1749–1832)

Weg der Liebe

Über die Berge,
Über die Wellen,
Unter den Gräbern,
Unter den Quellen,
Über Fluten und Seen
In der Abgründe Steg,
Über Felsen, über Höhen,
Find't Liebe den Weg!

In Ritzen, in Falten,
Wo der Feu'rwurm nicht
liegt,
In Höhlen, in Spalten,
Wo die Fliege nicht kriecht,
Wo Mücken nicht fliegen
Und schlüpfen hinweg,
Kommt Liebe, sie wird
siegen
Und finden den Weg.

Sprecht, Amor sei nimmer
Zu fürchten, das Kind!
Lacht über ihn immer,
Als Flüchtling, als blind,
Und schließt ihn durch
Riegel
Vom Taglicht hinweg:
Durch Schlösser und Siegel
Find't Liebe den Weg.

Wenn Phönix und Adler
Sich unter euch beugt,
Wenn Drache, wenn Tiger
Gefällig sich neigt,
Die Löwin läßt kriegen
Den Raub sich hinweg,
Kommt Liebe, sie wird
siegen
Und finden den Weg.

Over the mountains,
over the waves,
under the tombstones,
under springs,
over floods and seas,
on a path through the
abyss,
over rocks, over heights,
Love will find the way.

In crevices, in crannies,
where the glowworm
cannot lie,
in cavities, in cracks
where a fly cannot crawl,
where gnats cannot fly
and expect to escape—
Love will come, it will
triumph
and discover the way!

Declare, Cupid is never
to be feared, the child!
You may deride him
constantly
as a fugitive, as blind,
and lock him away
from daylight behind bars:
through locks and seals,
Love will find the way.

Though phoenix and eagle
may bend to your will,
though dragon, though
tiger
may bow down obligingly,
the lioness may allow you
to carry away her prey,
Love will come, it will

Adapted into German
by Johann Gottfried Herder
(1744-1803)

triumph,
and discover the way!

Original English
by Thomas Percy
(1729-1811)

Am Strande

Es sprechen und blicken die
Wellen
Mit sanfter Stimme, mit
freundlichem Blick,
Und wiegen die träumende
Seele
In ferne Tage zurück.

The waves speak and look,
with soft voice, with friendly
glance,
and lull the dreaming soul
back to days passed.

Aus fernen verklungenen
Tagen
Spricht's heimlich mit
sanften Stimmen zu mir,
Schaut's heimlich mit
freundlichen Blicken
Zum Wanderer am Strande
hier.

From far off, faded days,
gentle voices speak to me
furtively,
a friendly gaze secretly
observes
the wanderer here on the
shore.

Mir ist, als hätten die
Stimmen
Die je die Seele mir sanft
bewegt
Und alle die freundlichen
Blicke
Sich in die Wellen gelegt.

To me, it seems as if the
voices,
which always stirred my soul
gently,
and all the friendly glances
had reposed themselves in
the waves.

Hermann Hölty
(1828-1897)

Mazurka

Les bijoux aux poitrines,
Les soleils aux plafonds
Les robes opalines,
Miroirs et violons
Font ainsi, font, font, font,

The jewels on the breast,
the suns on the ceiling
the opaline dresses,
mirrors and violins
make, thus, make, make,

Des mains tomber l'aiguille	make the needle fall from the hands
L'aiguille de raison	the needle of reason
Des mains de jeunes filles	from the hands of young girls
Qui s'envolent et font	which fly off and make
Font ainsi, font, font,	make, thus, make, make,
D'un regard qui s'appuie,	of a leaning stare,
D'une ride à leur front	of a wrinkle on their brow
Le beau temps ou la pluie	the fine weather or the rain
Et d'une soupire larron	and of a thieving sigh
Font ainsi, font, font, font	make, thus, make, make, make
Du bal une tourmente	of the ballroom a torment
Où sage et vagabond	where the wise and vagabond
D'entendre l'inconstante	of hearing the unfaithful girl
Dire oui, dire non_	say yes, say no—
Font ainsi, font, font, font	make, thus, make, make, make
Danser l'incertitude	incertitude, whose steps
Dont les pas compteront,	will count, dance,
Oh! le doux pas des prudes,	Oh! The soft step of the prudish,
Leurs silences profonds	their deep silences
Font ainsi, font, font, font,	make, thus, make, make, make,
Du bal une contrée	a land of the ballroom
Où les feux s'uniront.	in which the fires will unite.
Des amours rencontrées	Of the encountered loves
Ainsi la neige fond, fond, fond.	thus the snow melts, melts, melts.
Louise de Vilmorin (1902–1969)	English translation by Christopher Goldsack

Coquette

De n'aimer que toi, Je donne ma foi,	To love only you, I give my honor,
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Tra la la
O fille Gentille, Gentille
Mais ma fidèle ardeur;
O fille Gentille,
Ne peut toucher ton coeur.

Si dans tes regards j'ai su
lire,
Tu plains malgré toi mon
martyre,
Mais d'amour que je meure,
C'est un deuil d'un jour ou
d'une heure.

Ah—Je ne veux que toi,
Tu cherches pourquoi,
Tra la la Filette, Coquette,
Coquette,
Eh bien! dis-moi comment,
Fillette, Coquette,

Comment faire autrement.

Quand l'amour s'en vient
nous surprendre,
On veut d'abord lui résister,
Mais sa voix devient si
tendre,
Qu'un jour il faut l'écouter

Ah! Donc, si tu m'en crois
Accepte ma foi la la la
O belle Cruelle, Cruelle,
Et laisse-toi charmer,
O belle Cruelle
Par qui saura t'aimer.

Louis Pomey
(1835-1901)

Tra la la
O pretty girl
But my faithful ardor
O pretty girl
Cannot touch your heart.

If in your eyes I have been
able to read,
In spite of yourself you pity
my martyrdom,
But of love, I die,
it is a grief of one day or
hour.

Ah! I want only you,
you ask why,
Tra la la, Coquette girl,

Well! tell me how,
Coquette, how to do
otherwise.

When love comes along to
catch us by surprise,
One wants to resist at first,
But its voice becomes so
tender,
That one day you have to
listen.

Ah! Therefore, if you believe
me,
accept my pledge, la la la
O cruel beauty,
and let yourself be charmed,
O cruel beauty
by whom will know to love
you.

La beauté

La beauté dans ce bas
monde
Règne sans seconde;
Du couchant jusqu'à l'aurore
L'univers l'adore.

Mais personne, ô bien
suprême,
Plus que moi ne t'aime,
Prends pitié de mon martyre,
Ou d'amour j'expire.

Sais-tu pas combien tes
charmes
M'ont coûté de larmes?
Et crains-tu de n'être belle,
Si tu n'es cruelle?

Et, par grâce, sois moins
belle,
Ou moins cruelle!

Louis Pomey

Beauty in this world
reigns without second;
from setting to dawn,
the universe adores it.

But no one, o supreme one,
loves you more than I do,
take pity on my
martyrdom,
or from love I expire!

Don't you know how many
tears your charms have
cost me?
And do you fear to not be
pretty,
if you are not cruel?

And, I beg you, be less
pretty,
or less cruel!

Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüsstet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blass?

All you flowers
that she gave to me,
you shall be laid
with me in the grave.

How sorrowfully
you all look at me,
as though you knew
what was happening to me!

All you flowers,
how faded and pale you are!

Ihr Blümlein alle
Wovon so nass?

All you flowers,
why are you so moist?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

Alas, tears will not create
the green of May,
nor make dead love
bloom anew.

Und Lenz wird kommen
Und Winter wird gehen,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.

Spring will come,
and winter will pass,
and flowers
will grow in the grass.

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

And flowers will lie
on my grave –
all the flowers
that she gave me.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
"Der meint' es treu!"

And when she walks
past that mound
and ponders in her heart,
'His love was true.'

Dann Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

Then, all you flowers,
come forth, come forth!
May is here,
winter is over!

Wilhelm Müller
(1794–1827)

English translation
by Richard Wigmore

Oh, never sing to me again!

Sing not, O lovely one, in my presence
your melodies of sorrowful Georgia—
they recall in me another life and a distant shore.

Alas, your cruel song recalls in me
the steppe, the night, and in the moonlight,
the features of a maiden, sad and far away!

I see you forget that dear and fateful vision,
but you sing, and it comes to me anew.

Sing not, O lovely one, in my presence
your melodies of sorrowful Georgia—
they recall in me another life and a distant shore.

English translation by Natalia Challis

An ode to the last days of summer, and metaphorically, to the last days of life, the **Fantasy on “The Last Rose of Summer”** is an arrangement of the beloved Irish tune. As is common with songs of a more folk-like nature, the melody was pre-existing, known as “Aislean an Oigfear,” first transcribed in 1792, and the famous text was published with it in 1813. This particular arrangement, by Greg Anderson of the piano duo Anderson & Roe, presents the tune as both motives and phrases, resulting in a meditative pondering of the text. Throughout the piece, the primo and secondo parts are interwoven, creating a seamless effect.

Even in his songs, Brahms’ compositional style contains many instrumental attributes. In many of his accompaniments, the piano parts are indistinguishable from his chamber music, which is very clear in the first and last songs of this set, **Phänomen** and **Am Strande**. Even without the text, however, Brahms’ descriptive genius shows through, capturing the essence of each poem through his musical choices. **Phänomen** is based on a text by Goethe, describing the colorful appearance of a rainbow, and the hope of love even in one’s last days. Set in a triple meter and the radiant key of B major, this sense of hopefulness and the roundness of the rainbow is conveyed, even in a purely instrumental transcription. Likewise, in **Weg der Liebe**, the imagery of climbing and soaring is present in the very music itself, with its rising melody and interludes. Depicting a peaceful beach with gently rolling waves in E-flat major, **Am Strande** ends the set, leaving the listener with a feeling of comfort and repose.

The music of Chopin has been inspiring instrumental and vocal transcriptions for over a century, mostly due to the fact that the composer wrote so few works for instruments other than the piano. Although they are not as popular on the concert stage, lacking the extreme virtuosity of his other compositions, the numerous Mazurkas of Chopin show his connection to his Polish roots, as well as a penchant toward distant harmonic colors associated with the folk genre. In its original form, the mazurka was a lively Polish dance, stereotypically set in a triple meter, and frequently using dotted rhythms, with an accent on the second or third beat. The first song in this set, **Les bijoux aux poitrines**, is Francis Poulenc’s contribution to the collaborative suite *Mouvements du Coeur*, published in 1949. Composed by several different French composers to the texts of Louise de Vilmorin, this was a set of seven songs designed

as an homage to Chopin, with each song based on one of his favorite genres. Poulenc's mazurka derives inspiration from Chopin's more melancholy side, although the harmonic language used throughout is decidedly Poulenc's, with a text depicting the overwhelming sensory experience of a ballroom. Despite being inspired by the same composer and genre, Pauline Viardot's mazurka-songs show the livelier side of Chopin's dances. Set directly to the music of Chopin, the poetry of these songs, **Coquette** and **La beauté**, channels the folk-like nature of Chopin's music, with the added touch of virtuosic flourishes for which the soprano Viardot was famous.

Schubert's iconic song cycle *Die Schöne Müllerin* is rightly considered one of his best compositions, known especially for the direct connection between the music and the text, and the vivid imagery depicted through the integral combination of voice and piano. Unlike earlier composers of German Lieder, Schubert's large-scale vision of songs as part of a narrative cycle allowed for deeper exploration of the human spirit, through both music and poetry. Based on the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, the narrative of *Die Schöne Müllerin* follows a young wanderer, seeking love and fortune. He falls in love with the beautiful miller's daughter, only to have his heart broken when he discovers that she loves the hunter, and not himself. After experiencing emotions such as jealousy, rage, and anguish, the narrator finally succumbs to devastating sadness and despair. The pivotal song **Trockne Blumen** represents this moment—a moment at which he is still clinging to a faint glimmer of hope, as found in the hope of spring depicted in the second section of the song. However, this hope is fleeting, as can be heard in the final moments of the piano postlude, when the composer returns to a minor tonality.

Given the poetic text and narrative position of this song, it appears to be an odd choice for a series of virtuosic variations, but that is exactly what Schubert did in his **Introduction and Variations** for flute and piano. Though the reasons for Schubert's composition of this piece are unknown, it follows his precedent of setting melodies from Lieder in instrumental form, most notably the "*Trout*" Quintet, D. 667, the "*Wanderer*" Fantasie, D. 760. Possibly composed for the flutist Ferdinand Bogner, this piece raised the level of virtuosic writing for the flute, with one particular variation even being deemed unplayable, and consequently rewritten by the composer before publication. With a total of seven variations following a

mysterious introduction and the theme, the variations are frequently grouped into pairs—one variation focused on virtuosic writing for the flute, and another for the piano. Unlike the utter devastation of the original song, the variations explore the concept of hope, culminating in a final variation in which sadness appears to be completely conquered by the coming of spring.

The lament bass line, made up of a sequence of descending half steps, has been one of the most emotionally charged musical motives throughout the history of Western music.

Tracing its roots back to the early Baroque era, and quintessentially used by Purcell in Dido's lament, "*When I am laid in earth*" from his opera *Dido and Aeneas*, this slowly descending line often denotes sadness, despair, and the ephemeral nature of life. In Rachmaninoff's song **Oh, never sing to me again**, this motive is used internally, featured in the tenor range of the piano, but still providing the same function as its musical ancestors. Setting the text of Pushkin, this song describes the power of music to recall memories, and in this case, memories of pain and loss. This pain is made even more present when transcribed for trumpet, which positions the melody in the perfect tessitura for denoting the anguish which the long-forgotten music inspires.

Based on the same lament bass line, Led Zeppelin's **Stairway to Heaven** is heavily inspired by the neo-Renaissance and English baroque aesthetic of the late 1960s, such as can be heard by the use of recorders in the introduction. Musically, this song also shows the growing influence of rhapsodic forms in the progressive rock movement, with its nearly strophic opening growing into a climactic improvisatory ending. Foreshadowing the harmonic progressions of the years to follow, this song explores the relationship between A minor and F major by repeating a descending whole step pattern, an alteration of the opening bass line. Because of the power of the harmonic progressions and melodies, this song has been transcribed for nearly every instrumental combination imaginable. This arrangement, using a mixture of instruments and timbres, is designed to recreate the ever-changing soundscape of the original song, from its stark beginning to the energetic ending.